THE Shadow STRIKES!
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THE LORD OF DEATH!
by Jones & Barreto
BARRETO

WITH JOHNNY DC

The 14th Annual Chicago Comicon was the host to many a wonderful meeting between fans and professionals. But it was also a good opportunity for the professionals from all companies to get together and talk shop. Better than 450 professionals—writers, artists, letterers, colorists, editors, and publishers—attended the three-day event, held annually over the July 4th weekend. Your intrepid reporter also tagged along and brought back the following highlights:

The night before the event, **John Ostrander** and **Kim Yale** took a group to a small, seedy section of town. Pointing to a small, dark bar, they announced we had arrived. "Where?" I asked. Apparently, we had arrived at the internationally famous Bucket of Suds, inspiration for John's "Munden's Bar" feature for First Comics.

Inside, everyone sang, laughed, and enjoyed the home cooking and innovative drinks. The pizza was great and many of us took home bottles of their homemade barbecue sauce, Batch #9. Their Snap sauce is also a real scorcher; several DC staffers have it exported out to New York. Now, *that's* the way to kick off a con!

On Friday, after a very hard day of work at the DC booth, Manager of Talent Relations **Pat Bastienne** threw a terrific party for the freelance community. The packed room grew hot as more and more people showed up during Friday night. A DJ kept the beat throbbing as the dance floor filled up. During the evening he stopped the dancing to host a twist contest. It became a showdown of sorts between **Michael Davis** and **Mindy Newell** and the unusual pairing of **Art Young** and **Mike Carlin**. Maybe it was a surprise to you, but it was no surprise to me that the Young-Carlin team twisted their way to victory . . . .

On Friday, DC had a programming marathon, mostly devoted to discussing the various aspects of Batman. Along for the ride were two of the best Batman artists ever to sit at a drawing board, **Jim Aparo** and **Dick Sprang**. While Jim is enjoying his recognition for his work on the Caped Crusader, veteran DCer Dick Sprang is just now getting his full due from fans. Fueled by reprints of his work in THE GREATEST BATMAN STORIES EVER TOLD and THE GREATEST JOKER STORIES EVER TOLD, people flocked around Dick and asked many questions, thrilling the soft-spoken gent. Johnny DC will bring you an exclusive chat with the master in the coming months . . .

Even after the convention drew to a close on Sunday afternoon, the good times did not stop. Some people had already flown home by that time, but those who stayed on got a chance to sample lots of Chicago nightlife. One group headed down to the annual Taste of Chicago while another group got a chance for a special treat . . .

Bill Martin is the manager of a unique bookstore, Shake, Rattle and Read, located on the north side of Chicago. The smallish, rectangular shop is carved out of what used to be a block-long saloon during the heyday of gangsters and Prohibition. Last year, Bill made an unusual discovery: when moving several thousand paperbacks from a wall, Bill found a sealed door. After opening it, he and his colleagues explored the "tunnels" connecting his store to others, ending with the remaining section of the bar.

Upon hearing this, **Mike Gold** decided that a visit to the store was in order. Mike and Bill go back a long way and it was easily arranged so that Sunday night the store was closed for a private party. Around 8 p.m. the guests started to arrive, including Wild Dog/Ms. Tree artist **Terry Beatty**, writer **Wendy Lee**, Piranha's **Michael Davis**, CHECKMATE!'s **Paul Kupperberg**, Editorial Coordinator **Bob Greenberger**, ANGEL & THE APE's **Phil Foglio**, SUICIDE SQUAD's **John Ostrander**, MANHUNTER's **Kim Yale**, letterhack supreme **"Uncle" Elvis Orten**, retailers **Laurie** and **Mike Raub** (along with son **Matt**), and GREEN ARROW's **Mike Grell**.

Within minutes of browsing the crowded shelves of used paperbacks (a large selection from the '50s and '60s), comics, magazines, CDs, records and videotapes, Michael Davis called the hotel and summoned **Denys Cowan**. Denys was scheduled to attend but was feeling under the weather; when he heard the description, though, he sprung for the cab fare that brought him to the store.

In shifts, Bill and Mike led people down the stairs and into the "catacombs". After walking past the crowded shelves of additional inventory, the group was taken around a corner, through a door and into a dark, musty corridor. Holding the flashlight high, Bill and Mike took people past various openings that used to be storerooms for the bar. Several still had 1920s vault doors attached, providing protection for the Prohibition hooch (liquor) that was brought in through underground tunnels leading to Lake Michigan. One room had a metal container that held moldering insurance forms and claims from those lively days.

At the end of the corridor, people turned into an opening and were led to an isolated, exclusive men's room, where **Al Capone** himself conducted business. Not your typical tourist attraction, let me tell you!

While some toured the sights below, others scoured the shelves, grabbing up a variety of items that tickled their fancies. No one walked out of the store empty-handed. The reasonable prices and Bill's 50% discount made it irresistible. Phil Foglio found some historical books of note while Bob Greenberger located a long-sought **Allan Sherman** album. The couple with the most impressive purchases were Terry Beatty and Wendy Lee, who walked out with shopping bags full of hardboiled fiction.

And what's a party without refreshments? Alongside the soda pop and beer were some specially prepared delicacies including a venison entree. Most of the guests had never sampled venison so we all allowed our resident big-game hunter, Mike Grell, to taste it first. When he smiled, we all dug in and found it to be most tasty. There was also a rice-vegetable medley, freshly tossed salad and some wonderful sourdough bread to make it quite a night.

Everyone had a blast and as we left, most were saying they would make sure they'd return, because, after all, where else can you find nifty books and walk above the ghosts of the gangster era?

Next month . . . a special report from the San Diego Comic Con!

—Johnny DC

DC LIST

THIS WEEK

SKREEMER 6
The secret and the curse of Veto Skreemer revealed . . . from his bloody beginnings to the Age of Giants' bloody end. ◆▶▲

THE QUESTION 31
The Mayor's blowing up Hub City! If Vic Sage can't find the cause of the city's decay . . . The Question will! ◆▶▲

THE SHADOW STRIKES! 2
Harry Vincent: attacked by gypsies! Margo Lane: under the sway of a madman. The Shadow: tracking a killer operating in New York and Moscow! ■▶

ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS 11
Will Timoth and Onyx dare to go "Beneath Waterdeep?" ■▶

DR. FATE 11
Darkseid's back! And he's struck a bargain with the forces of Order and Chaos that's sure to make Doc's life miserable. ■▶

FORGOTTEN REALMS 3
If they ask the *wrong* sage for advice, Agrivar and his friends are in danger from the Mystic Hand of Vaprak. ■▶

NEW GODS 9
Orion joins the army of Apokolips, while civil war rages on New Genesis. ■▶

THE PHANTOM 8
The Phantom must catch a deadly ride atop a speeding train when he investigates the death of teenagers involved in the sport of train surfing. ■▶

SPECTRE 30
Things go 'bump' in the night. Corrigan and Spectre argue about who gets to investigate. Yep, just another typical day at the office. ■▶

GREEN ARROW 25
Green Arrow travels to Sherwood Forest to help a woman who might be mad . . . then again, she *might* be a witch. ■▶▲

CAPTAIN ATOM 34
The secret origin of the UFO that gave Captain Atom his powers is revealed at last! ●

DETECTIVE COMICS 607
The Mudpack, Part 4 has Batman trapped with Looker coming to the rescue—plus our second poster bonus! ●

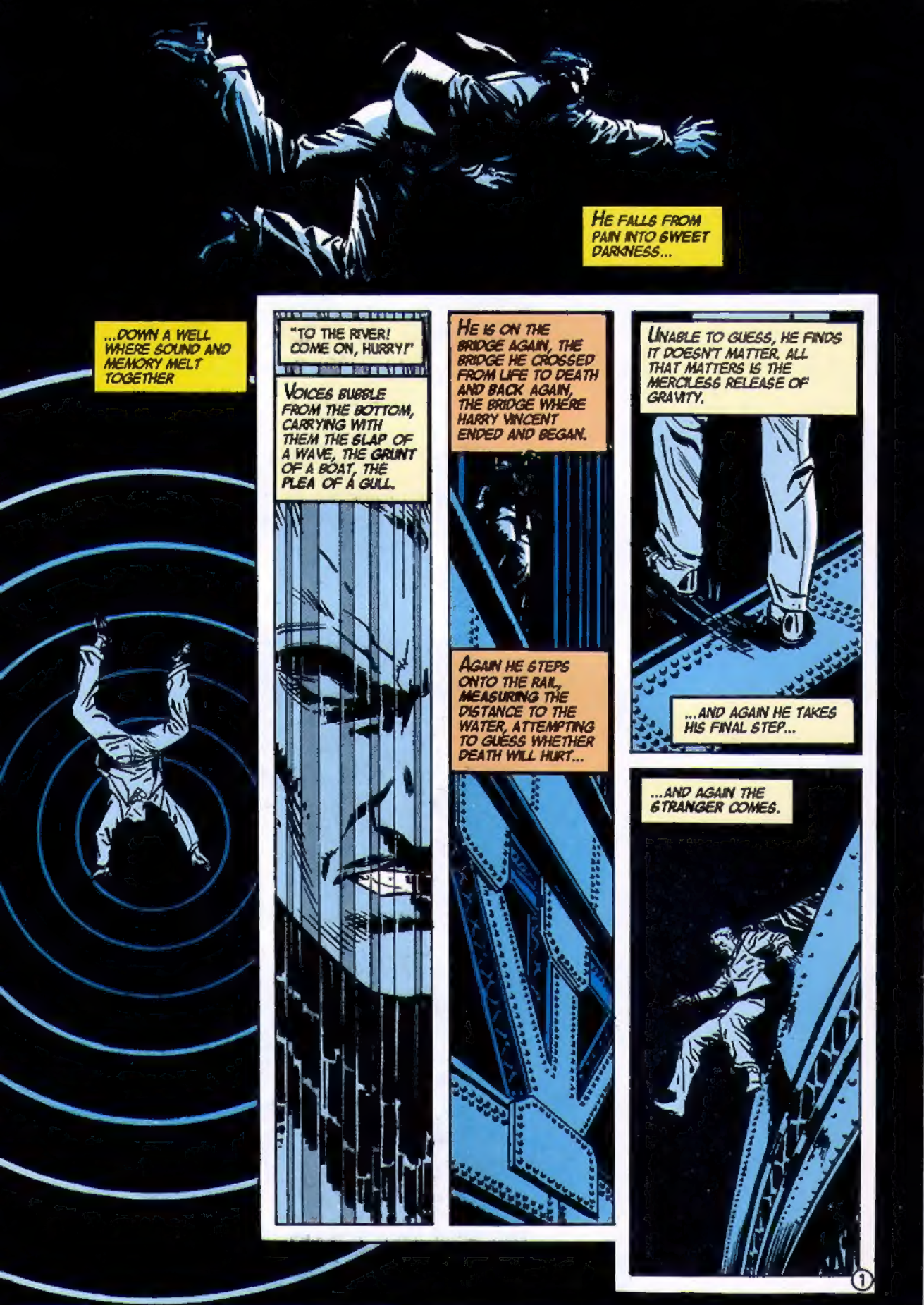
JUSTICE LEAGUE EUROPE 7
The JLA-JLE crossover continues as the team investigates the destruction of a Balkan village and faces a rampaging mob. ●

SUICIDE SQUAD 34
Battles galore on Apokolips with the Squad, the Female Furies, and everyone stopping to watch Amanda Waller take on Granny Goodness! ●

ACTION COMICS 646
Superman finds something very nasty out in the Arctic wilderness. Guest-drawn by Keith Giffen and Dennis Janke. ●

LEGEND

- ● Standard Format
- ■ New Format
- ◆ Deluxe Format
- ▶ Available at Select Outlets
- ★ Prestige Format
- □ Graphic Novel
- ◫ Collected Edition
- ▲ Suggested for Mature Readers


HE FALLS FROM PAIN INTO SWEET DARKNESS...
...DOWN A WELL WHERE SOUND AND MEMORY MELT TOGETHER
"TO THE RIVER! COME ON, HURRY!"
VOICES BUBBLE FROM THE BOTTOM, CARRYING WITH THEM THE SLAP OF A WAVE, THE GRUNT OF A BOAT, THE PLEA OF A GULL.
HE IS ON THE BRIDGE AGAIN, THE BRIDGE HE CROSSED FROM LIFE TO DEATH AND BACK AGAIN, THE BRIDGE WHERE HARRY VINCENT ENDED AND BEGAN.
AGAIN HE STEPS ONTO THE RAIL, MEASURING THE DISTANCE TO THE WATER, ATTEMPTING TO GUESS WHETHER DEATH WILL HURT...
UNABLE TO GUESS, HE FINDS IT DOESN'T MATTER. ALL THAT MATTERS IS THE MERCILESS RELEASE OF GRAVITY.
...AND AGAIN HE TAKES HIS FINAL STEP...
...AND AGAIN THE STRANGER COMES.
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THE LORD OF DEATH

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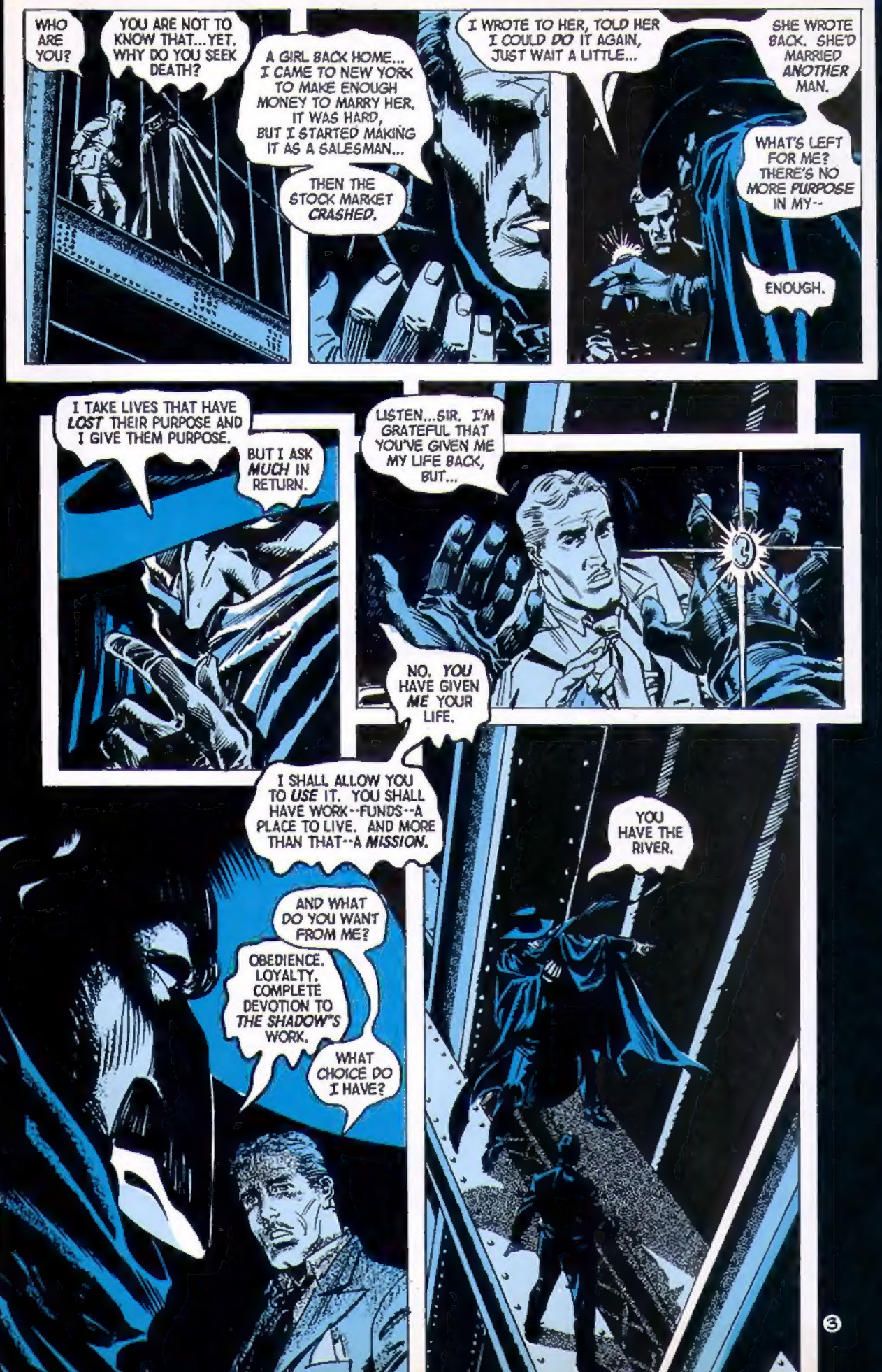
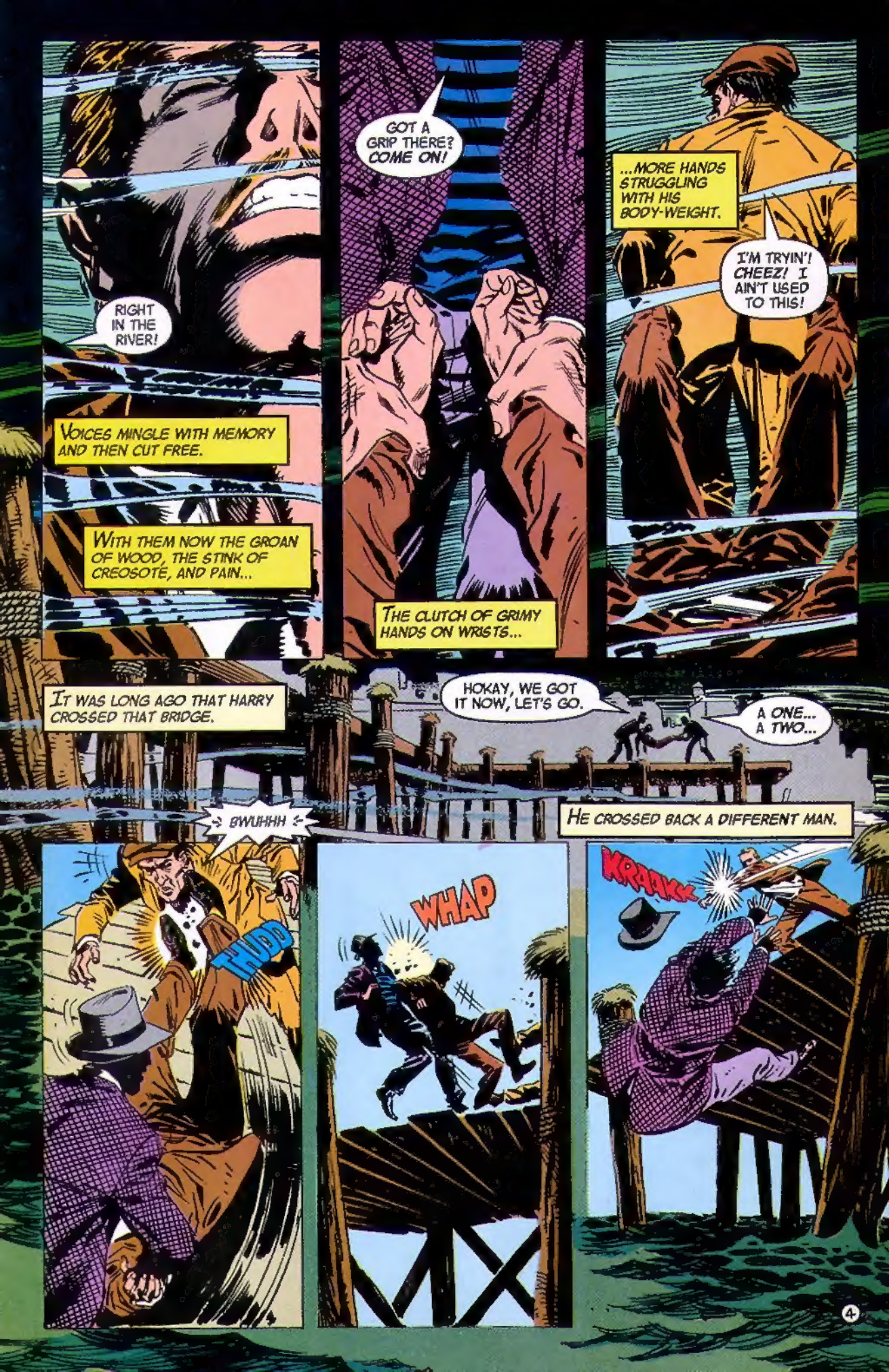
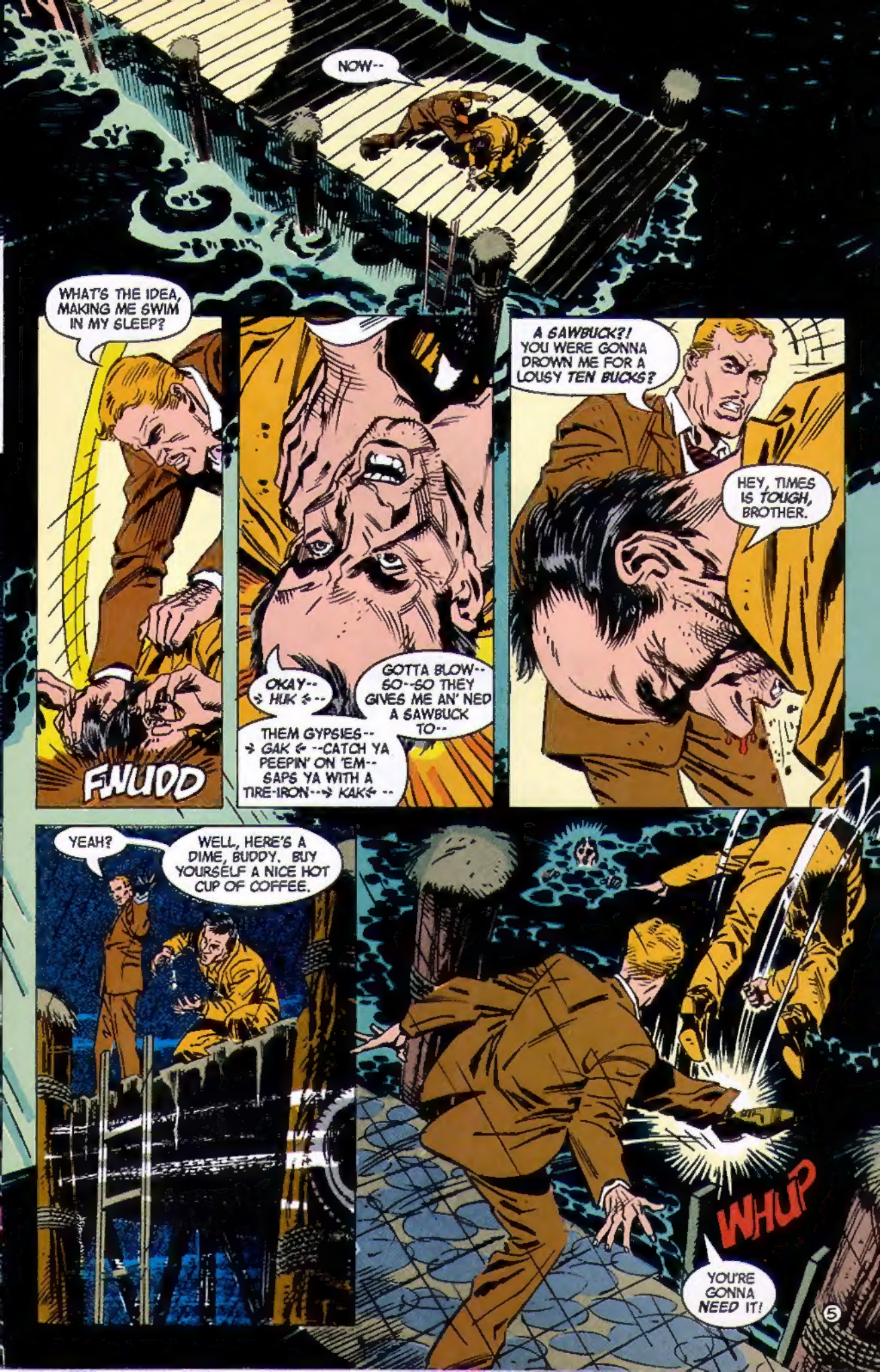
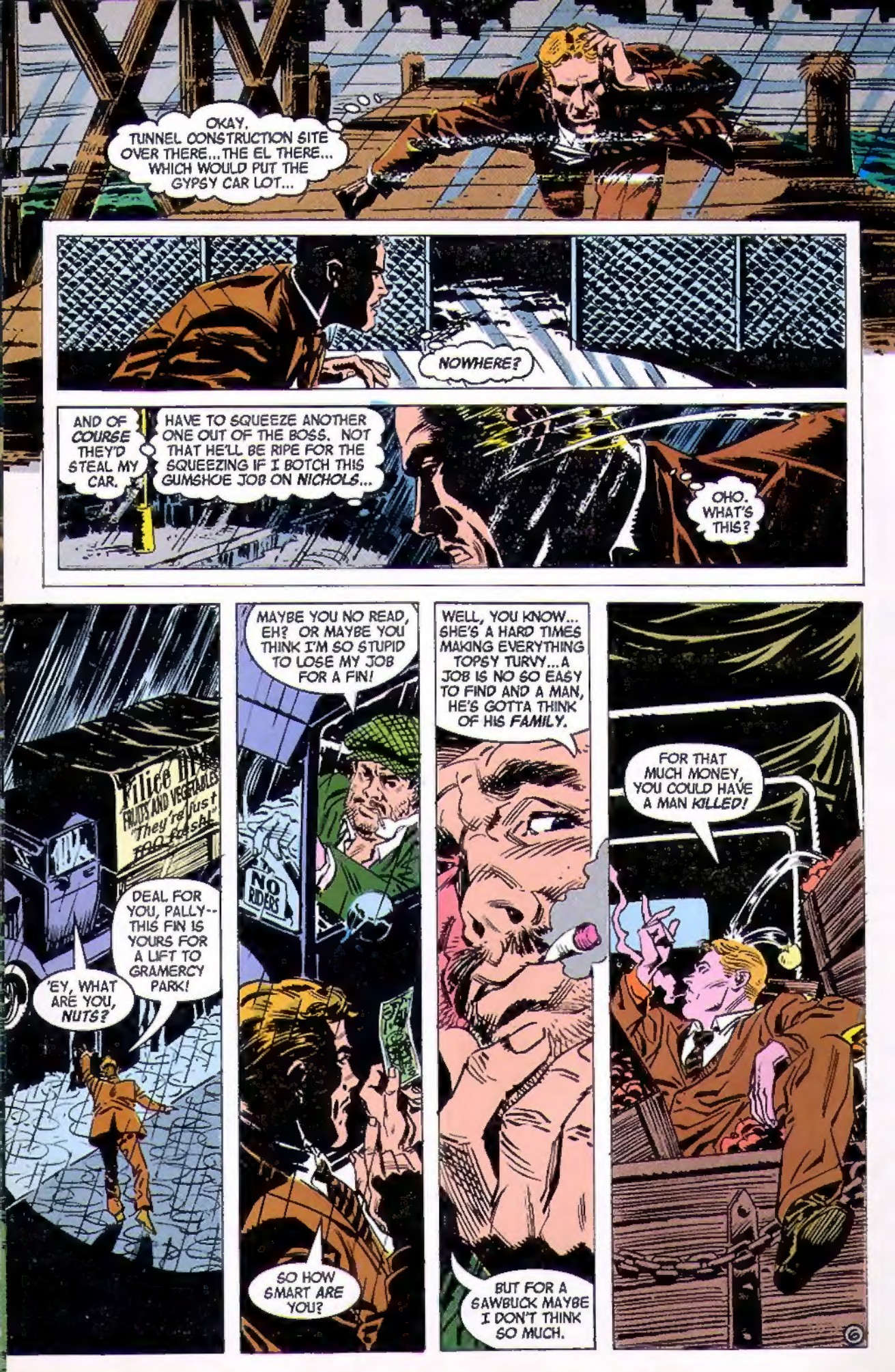
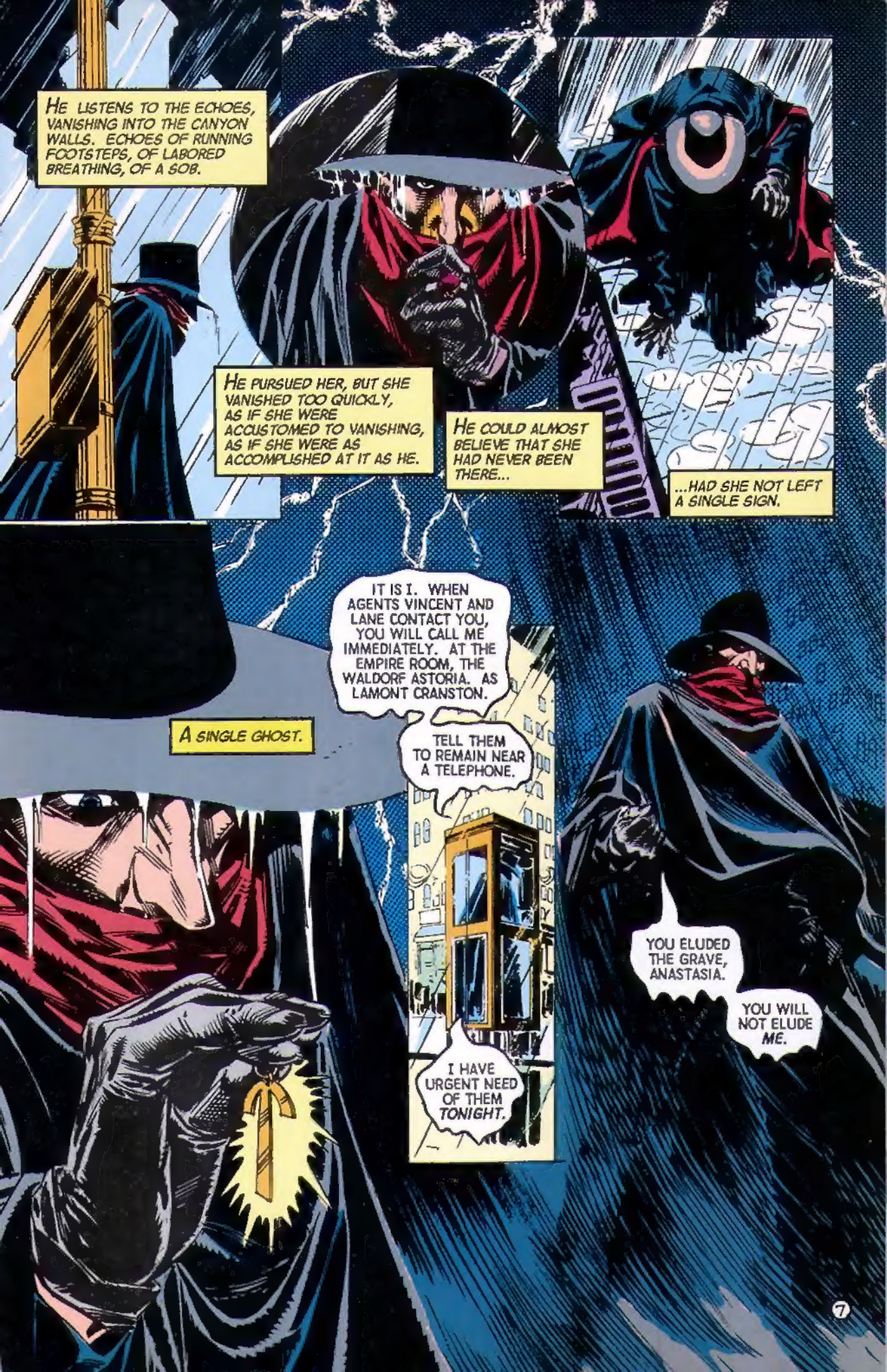
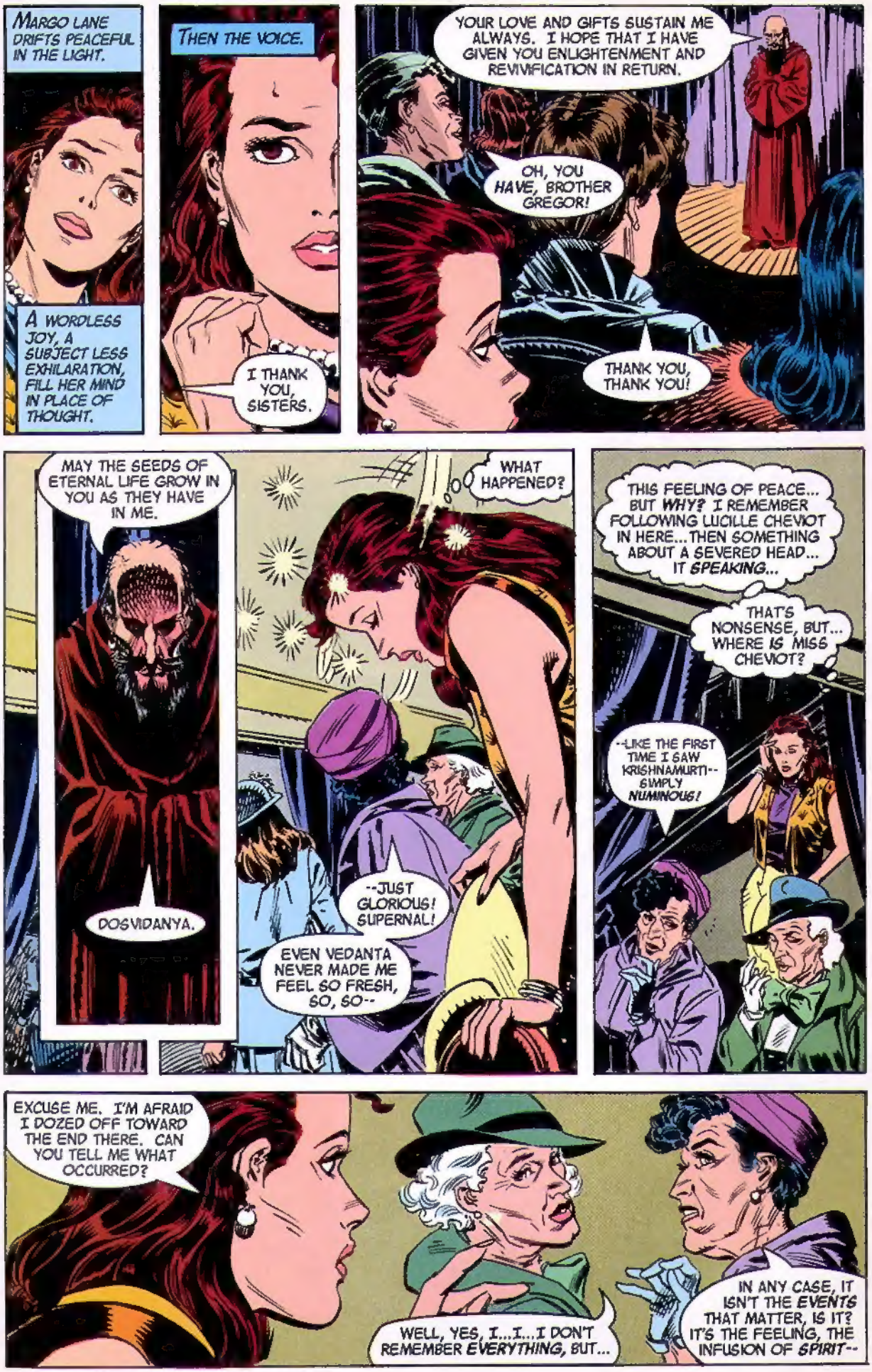

WHO ARE YOU?
YOU ARE NOT TO KNOW THAT... YET. WHY DO YOU SEEK DEATH?
A GIRL BACK HOME... I CAME TO NEW YORK TO MAKE ENOUGH MONEY TO MARRY HER. IT WAS HARD, BUT I STARTED MAKING IT AS A SALESMAN...
THEN THE STOCK MARKET CRASHED.
I WROTE TO HER, TOLD HER I COULD DO IT AGAIN, JUST WAIT A LITTLE...
SHE WROTE BACK. SHE'D MARRIED ANOTHER MAN.
WHAT'S LEFT FOR ME? THERE'S NO MORE PURPOSE IN MY--
ENOUGH.
I TAKE LIVES THAT HAVE LOST THEIR PURPOSE AND I GIVE THEM PURPOSE.
BUT I ASK MUCH IN RETURN.
LISTEN...SIR. I'M GRATEFUL THAT YOU'VE GIVEN ME MY LIFE BACK, BUT...
NO. YOU HAVE GIVEN ME YOUR LIFE.
I SHALL ALLOW YOU TO USE IT. YOU SHALL HAVE WORK--FUNDS--A PLACE TO LIVE. AND MORE THAN THAT--A MISSION.
AND WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
OBEDIENCE. LOYALTY. COMPLETE DEVOTION TO THE SHADOW'S WORK.
WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE?
YOU HAVE THE RIVER.


RIGHT IN THE RIVER!
VOICES MINGLE WITH MEMORY AND THEN CUT FREE.
WITH THEM NOW THE GROAN OF WOOD, THE STINK OF CREOSOTE, AND PAIN...
GOT A GRIP THERE? COME ON!
THE CLUTCH OF GRIMY HANDS ON WRISTS...
...MORE HANDS STRUGGLING WITH HIS BODY-WEIGHT.
I'M TRYIN'! CHEEZ! I AIN'T USED TO THIS!
IT WAS LONG AGO THAT HARRY CROSSED THAT BRIDGE.
HOKAY, WE GOT IT NOW, LET'S GO.
A ONE... A TWO...
HE CROSSED BACK A DIFFERENT MAN.
BWUHHH
THUD!
WHAP
KRAAACK


NOW--
WHAT'S THE IDEA, MAKING ME SWIM IN MY SLEEP?
FWUDD
OKAY-- ⇒ HUK ⇐ --
THEM GYPSIES-- ⇒ GAK ⇐ --CATCH YA PEEPIN' ON 'EM-- SAPS YA WITH A TIRE-IRON--⇒ KAK⇐ --
GOTTA BLOW-- SO--SO THEY GIVES ME AN' NED A SAWBUCK TO--
A SAWBUCK?! YOU WERE GONNA DROWN ME FOR A LOUSY TEN BUCKS?
HEY, TIMES IS TOUGH, BROTHER.
YEAH?
WELL, HERE'S A DIME, BUDDY. BUY YOURSELF A NICE HOT CUP OF COFFEE.
WHUP
YOU'RE GONNA NEED IT!


OKAY. TUNNEL CONSTRUCTION SITE OVER THERE...THE EL THERE... WHICH WOULD PUT THE GYPSY CAR LOT...
NOWHERE?
AND OF COURSE THEY'D STEAL MY CAR.
HAVE TO SQUEEZE ANOTHER ONE OUT OF THE BOSS. NOT THAT HE'LL BE RIPE FOR THE SQUEEZING IF I BOTCH THIS GUMSHOE JOB ON NICHOLS...
OHO. WHAT'S THIS?
'EY, WHAT ARE YOU, NUTS?
DEAL FOR YOU, PALLY-- THIS FIN IS YOURS FOR A LIFT TO GRAMERCY PARK!
MAYBE YOU NO READ, EH? OR MAYBE YOU THINK I'M SO STUPID TO LOSE MY JOB FOR A FIN!
NO RIDERS
SO HOW SMART ARE YOU?
WELL, YOU KNOW... SHE'S A HARD TIMES MAKING EVERYTHING TOPSY TURVY...A JOB IS NO SO EASY TO FIND AND A MAN, HE'S GOTTA THINK OF HIS FAMILY.
BUT FOR A SAWBUCK MAYBE I DON'T THINK SO MUCH.
FOR THAT MUCH MONEY, YOU COULD HAVE A MAN KILLED!


HE LISTENS TO THE ECHOES, VANISHING INTO THE CANYON WALLS. ECHOES OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, OF LABORED BREATHING, OF A SOB.
HE PURSUED HER, BUT SHE VANISHED TOO QUICKLY, AS IF SHE WERE ACCUSTOMED TO VANISHING, AS IF SHE WERE AS ACCOMPLISHED AT IT AS HE.
HE COULD ALMOST BELIEVE THAT SHE HAD NEVER BEEN THERE...
...HAD SHE NOT LEFT A SINGLE SIGN.
A SINGLE GHOST.
IT IS I. WHEN AGENTS VINCENT AND LANE CONTACT YOU, YOU WILL CALL ME IMMEDIATELY. AT THE EMPIRE ROOM, THE WALDORF ASTORIA. AS LAMONT CRANSTON.
TELL THEM TO REMAIN NEAR A TELEPHONE.
I HAVE URGENT NEED OF THEM *TONIGHT.*
YOU ELUDED THE GRAVE, ANASTASIA.
YOU WILL NOT ELUDE *ME.*


MARGO LANE DRIFTS PEACEFUL IN THE LIGHT.
A WORDLESS JOY, A SUBJECT LESS EXHILARATION, FILL HER MIND IN PLACE OF THOUGHT.
THEN THE VOICE.
I THANK YOU, SISTERS.
YOUR LOVE AND GIFTS SUSTAIN ME ALWAYS. I HOPE THAT I HAVE GIVEN YOU ENLIGHTENMENT AND REVIVIFICATION IN RETURN.
OH, YOU HAVE, BROTHER GREGOR!
THANK YOU, THANK YOU!
MAY THE SEEDS OF ETERNAL LIFE GROW IN YOU AS THEY HAVE IN ME.
DOSVIDANYA.
WHAT HAPPENED?
--JUST GLORIOUS! SUPERNAL!
EVEN VEDANTA NEVER MADE ME FEEL SO FRESH, SO, SO--
THIS FEELING OF PEACE... BUT WHY? I REMEMBER FOLLOWING LUCILLE CHEVIOT IN HERE...THEN SOMETHING ABOUT A SEVERED HEAD... IT SPEAKING...
THAT'S NONSENSE, BUT... WHERE IS MISS CHEVIOT?
--LIKE THE FIRST TIME I SAW KRISHNAMURTI-- SIMPLY NUMINOUS!
EXCUSE ME. I'M AFRAID I DOZED OFF TOWARD THE END THERE. CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT OCCURRED?
WELL, YES, I...I...I DON'T REMEMBER EVERYTHING, BUT...
IN ANY CASE, IT ISN'T THE EVENTS THAT MATTER, IS IT? IT'S THE FEELING, THE INFUSION OF SPIRIT--

BENEATH THE MASKS

THE SOUL OF THE BATMAN

LEGENDS OF THE

DARK KNIGHT®

Shaman

O'NEIL • HANNIGAN • J. BEATTY

First in a series of five-issue novel-length stories. Each five-issue story will be produced by a different creative team.

Legends of The Dark Knight #1 is available in October.

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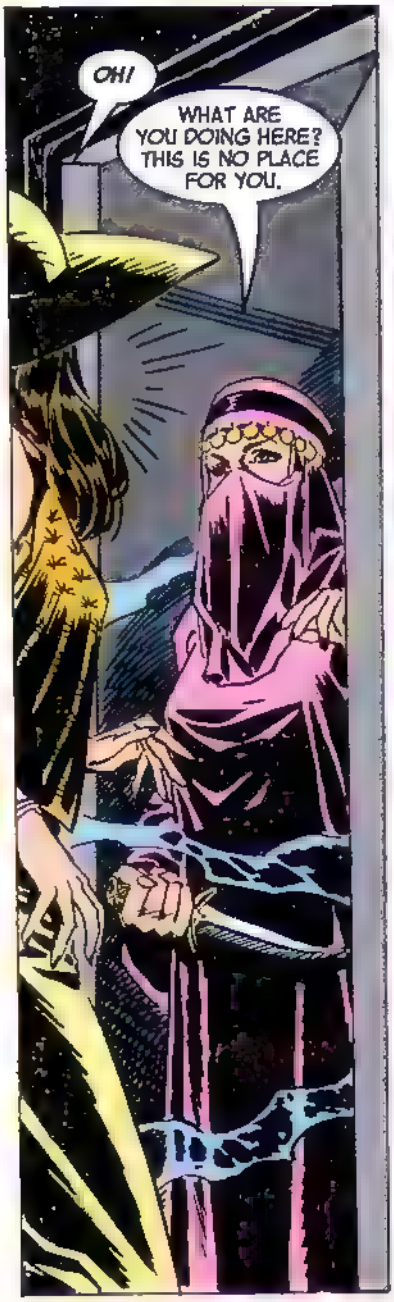
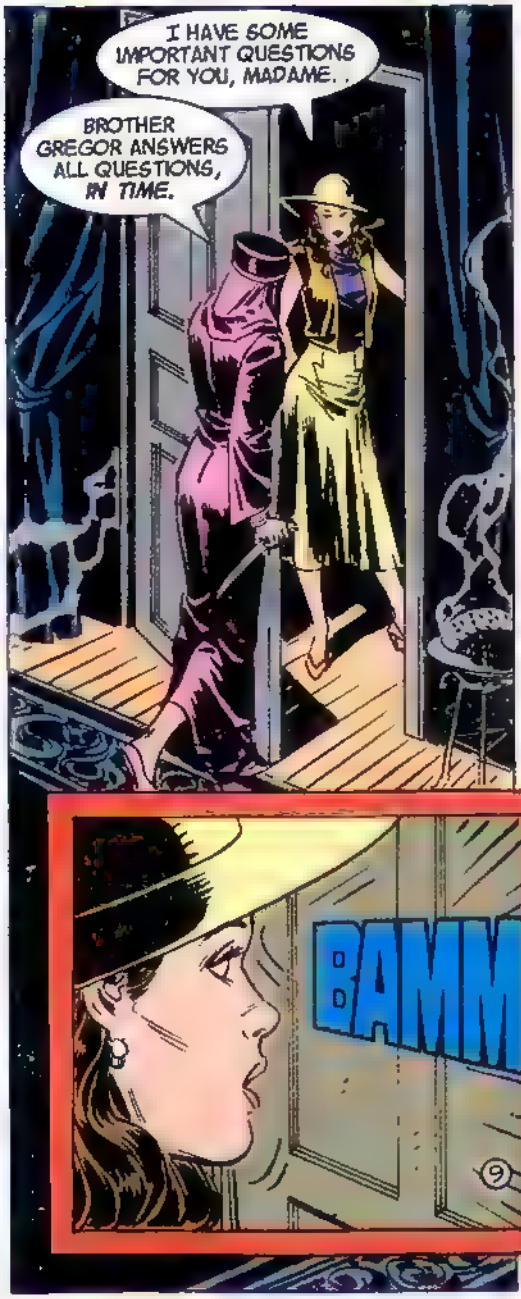
NO ONE KNOWS. BUT SOMETHING DID HAPPEN.
SO STICKY--I'VE BEEN PERSPIRING. AND MY THROAT IS SORE, AS IF FROM YELLING. LORD, IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH I'VE...
NO, NO. THAT CAN'T BE.

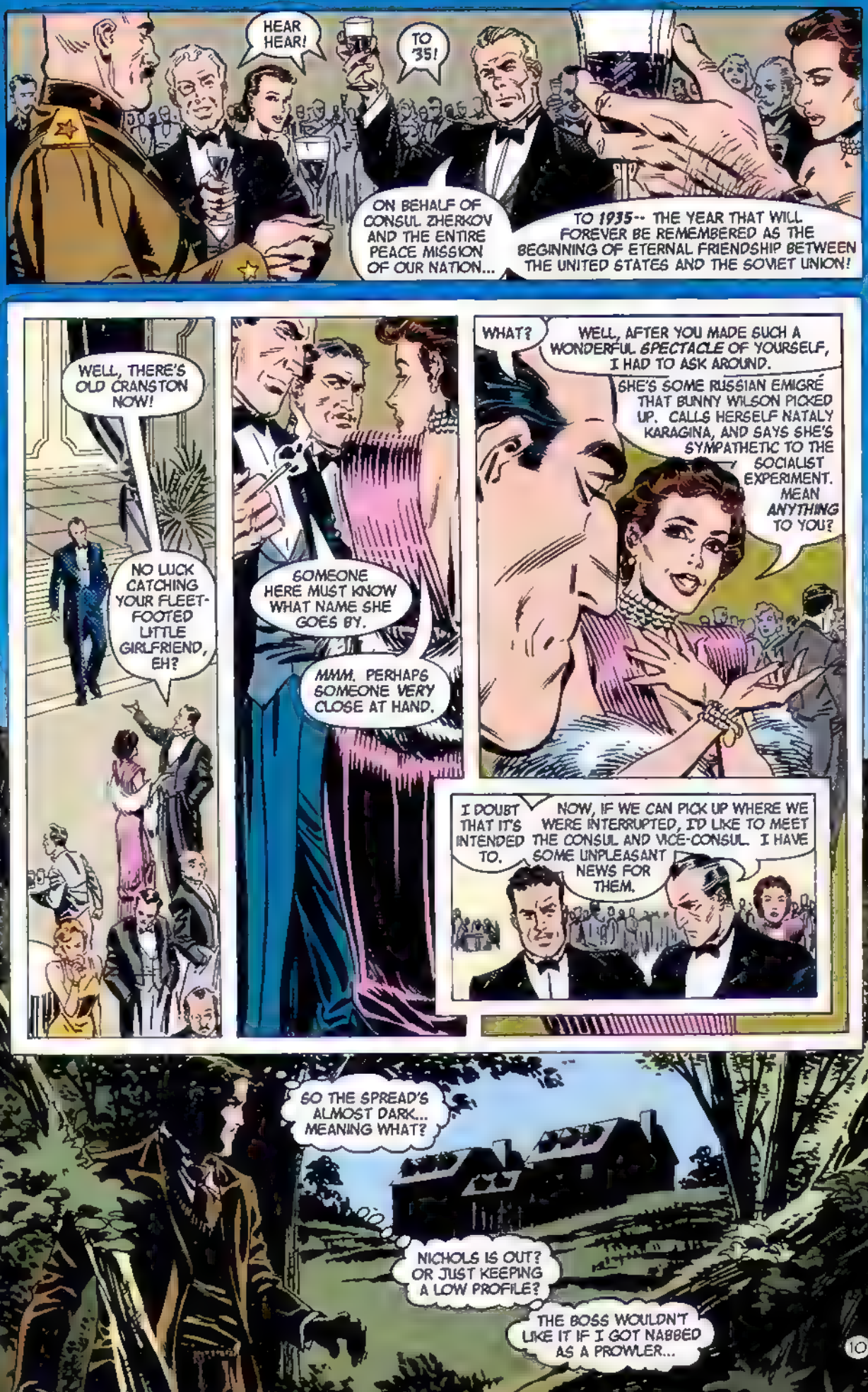
THAT WOMAN... MADAME ZARA.
SHE DID SOMETHING TO ME--I CAN'T REMEMBER JUST WHAT, BUT--

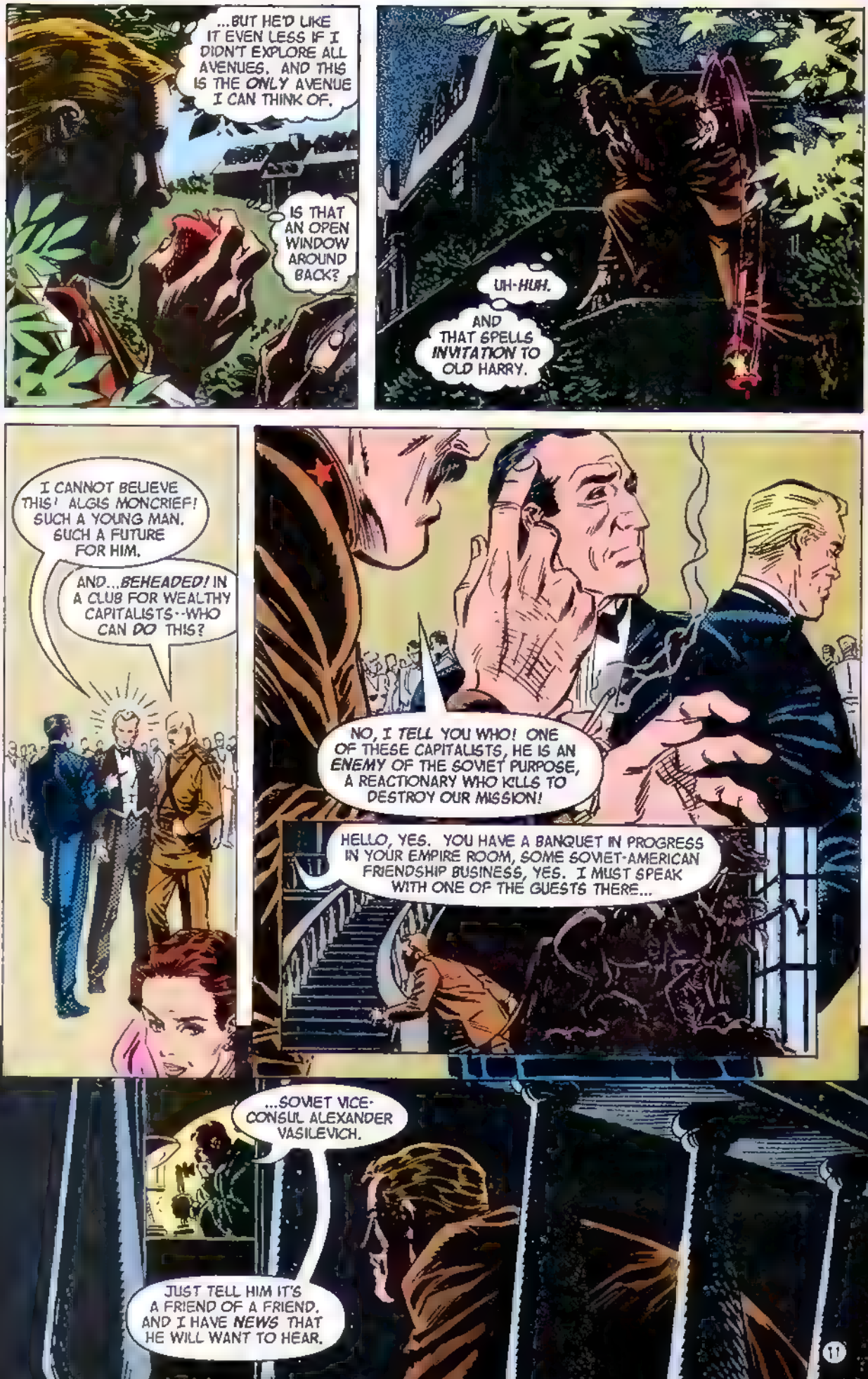
--SHE HAS SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

VOICES IN...RUSSIAN, IS IT? YES, JUST LIKE THE WAITERS AT THE TEA ROOM.
ZARA YELLING. FURIOUS. AND GREGOR, GROWLING, COM--
WHAT WAS THAT? A BLOW?


OH!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THIS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU.


I HAVE SOME IMPORTANT QUESTIONS FOR YOU, MADAME. .
BROTHER GREGOR ANSWERS ALL QUESTIONS, IN TIME.
BAMM
9


HEAR HEAR!
TO '35!
ON BEHALF OF CONSUL ZHERKOV AND THE ENTIRE PEACE MISSION OF OUR NATION...
TO 1935-- THE YEAR THAT WILL FOREVER BE REMEMBERED AS THE BEGINNING OF ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THE SOVIET UNION!
WELL, THERE'S OLD CRANSTON NOW!
NO LUCK CATCHING YOUR FLEET-FOOTED LITTLE GIRLFRIEND, EH?
SOMEONE HERE MUST KNOW WHAT NAME SHE GOES BY.
MMM. PERHAPS SOMEONE VERY CLOSE AT HAND.
WHAT?
WELL, AFTER YOU MADE SUCH A WONDERFUL SPECTACLE OF YOURSELF, I HAD TO ASK AROUND.
SHE'S SOME RUSSIAN EMIGRÉ THAT BUNNY WILSON PICKED UP. CALLS HERSELF NATALY KARAGINA, AND SAYS SHE'S SYMPATHETIC TO THE SOCIALIST EXPERIMENT. MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
I DOUBT THAT IT'S INTENDED TO.
NOW, IF WE CAN PICK UP WHERE WE WERE INTERRUPTED, I'D LIKE TO MEET THE CONSUL AND VICE-CONSUL. I HAVE SOME UNPLEASANT NEWS FOR THEM.
SO THE SPREAD'S ALMOST DARK... MEANING WHAT?
NICHOLS IS OUT? OR JUST KEEPING A LOW PROFILE?
THE BOSS WOULDN'T LIKE IT IF I GOT NABBED AS A PROWLER...


...BUT HE'D LIKE IT EVEN LESS IF I DIDN'T EXPLORE ALL AVENUES. AND THIS IS THE ONLY AVENUE I CAN THINK OF.
IS THAT AN OPEN WINDOW AROUND BACK?
UH-HUH.
AND THAT SPELLS INVITATION TO OLD HARRY.
I CANNOT BELIEVE THIS! ALGIS MONCRIEF! SUCH A YOUNG MAN. SUCH A FUTURE FOR HIM.
AND...BEHEADED! IN A CLUB FOR WEALTHY CAPITALISTS--WHO CAN DO THIS?
NO, I TELL YOU WHO! ONE OF THESE CAPITALISTS, HE IS AN ENEMY OF THE SOVIET PURPOSE, A REACTIONARY WHO KILLS TO DESTROY OUR MISSION!
HELLO, YES. YOU HAVE A BANQUET IN PROGRESS IN YOUR EMPIRE ROOM, SOME SOVIET-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP BUSINESS, YES. I MUST SPEAK WITH ONE OF THE GUESTS THERE...
...SOVIET VICE-CONSUL ALEXANDER VASILEVICH.
JUST TELL HIM IT'S A FRIEND OF A FRIEND. AND I HAVE NEWS THAT HE WILL WANT TO HEAR.

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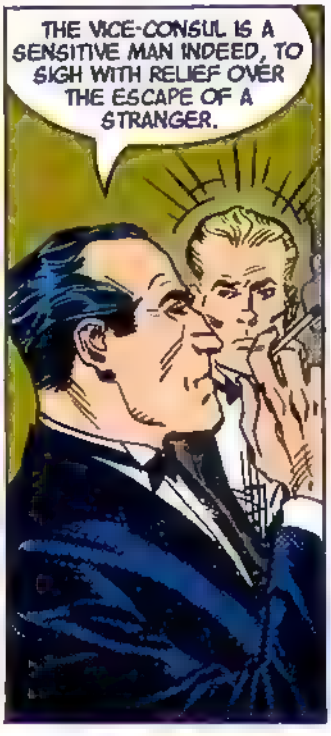
MR. VASILEVICH SEEMS PARTICULARLY DISTRAUGHT.
HE IS A SENSITIVE MAN. TOO SENSITIVE, I THINK. HE MAKES A MISTAKE SOMETIMES. HE MIXES UP ENEMIES FOR FRIENDS.

VASILEVICH. ZDRAVSTVOI, DRUZISHCHE...
SLIDING INTO SLAVIC AGAIN. DAMN! WISH THE BOSS WAS HERE. WHAT'S OLD FREE-ENTERPRISE-OR-DIE JOHN NICHOLS GOT TO SAY TO A BOLSHEVIK BUREAUCRAT?

GENTLEMEN, I...I BEG YOUR PARDON. I AM NOT WELL. THIS TELEPHONE CALL WAS ABOUT MONCRIEF ALSO. SUCH TALK OF BLOODSHED...IT HAS UPSET ME.
IT IS A BAD NIGHT FOR BLOODSHED. MR. CRANSTON JUST TELLS ME THAT A MURDERED BODY IS FOUND OUTSIDE THIS HOTEL.

OH!
DO THEY KNOW...WHO SHE WAS?
SHE? NO, NO. THIS WAS A MAN. A GYPSY MAN.
A WOMAN WAS SEEN IN THE VICINITY, BUT SHE SLIPPED AWAY UNHARMED.

A GYPSY...
OH. OH, BOLSHOYE SPASIBO...

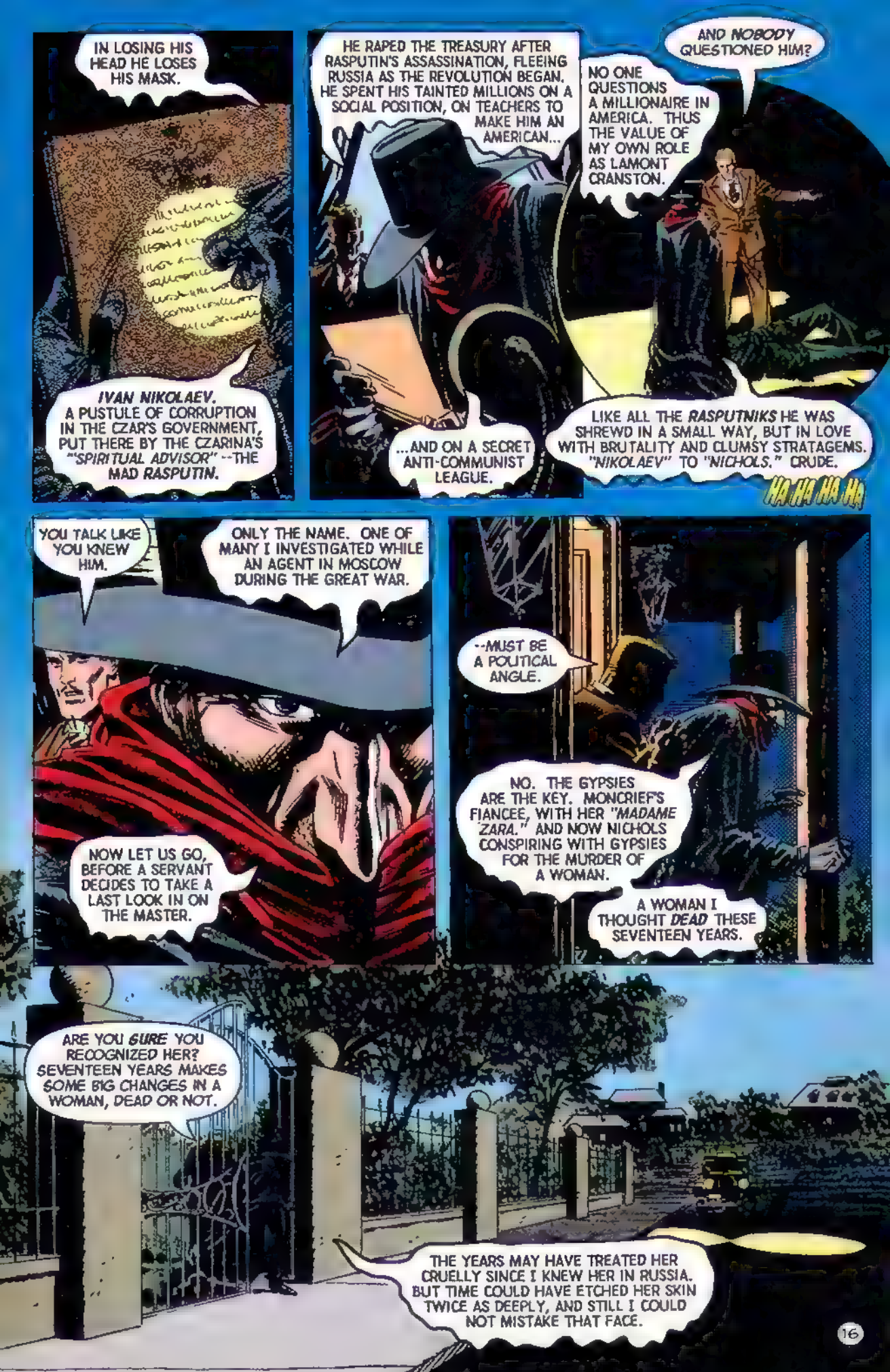

THE VICE-CONSUL IS A SENSITIVE MAN INDEED, TO SIGH WITH RELIEF OVER THE ESCAPE OF A STRANGER.

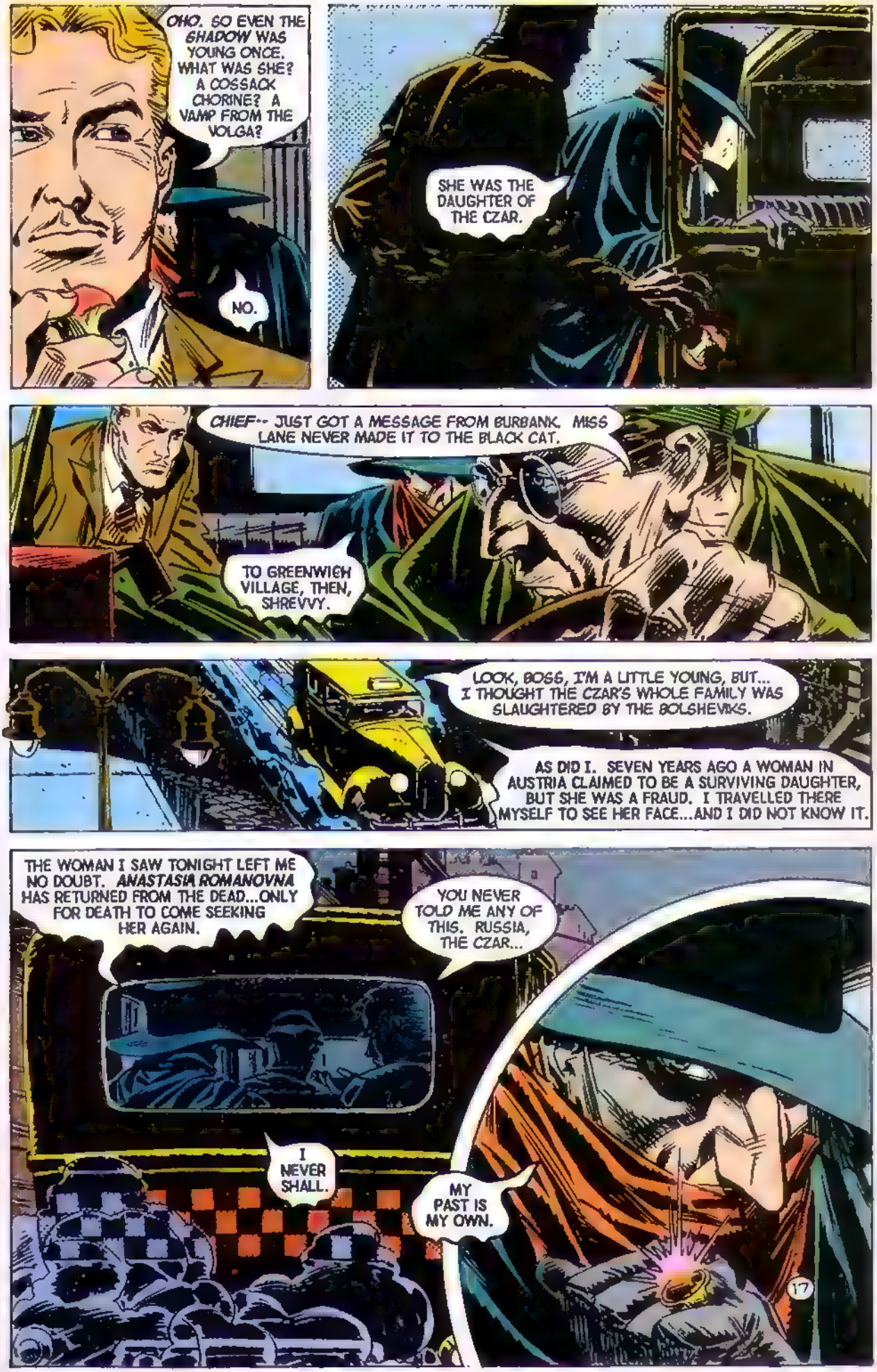
I DON'T CARE HOW LATE IT IS. I DON'T CARE ABOUT MR. ORT'S SLEEP. HE MUST SPEAK WITH ME!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. THEN TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO HIM--TONIGHT!

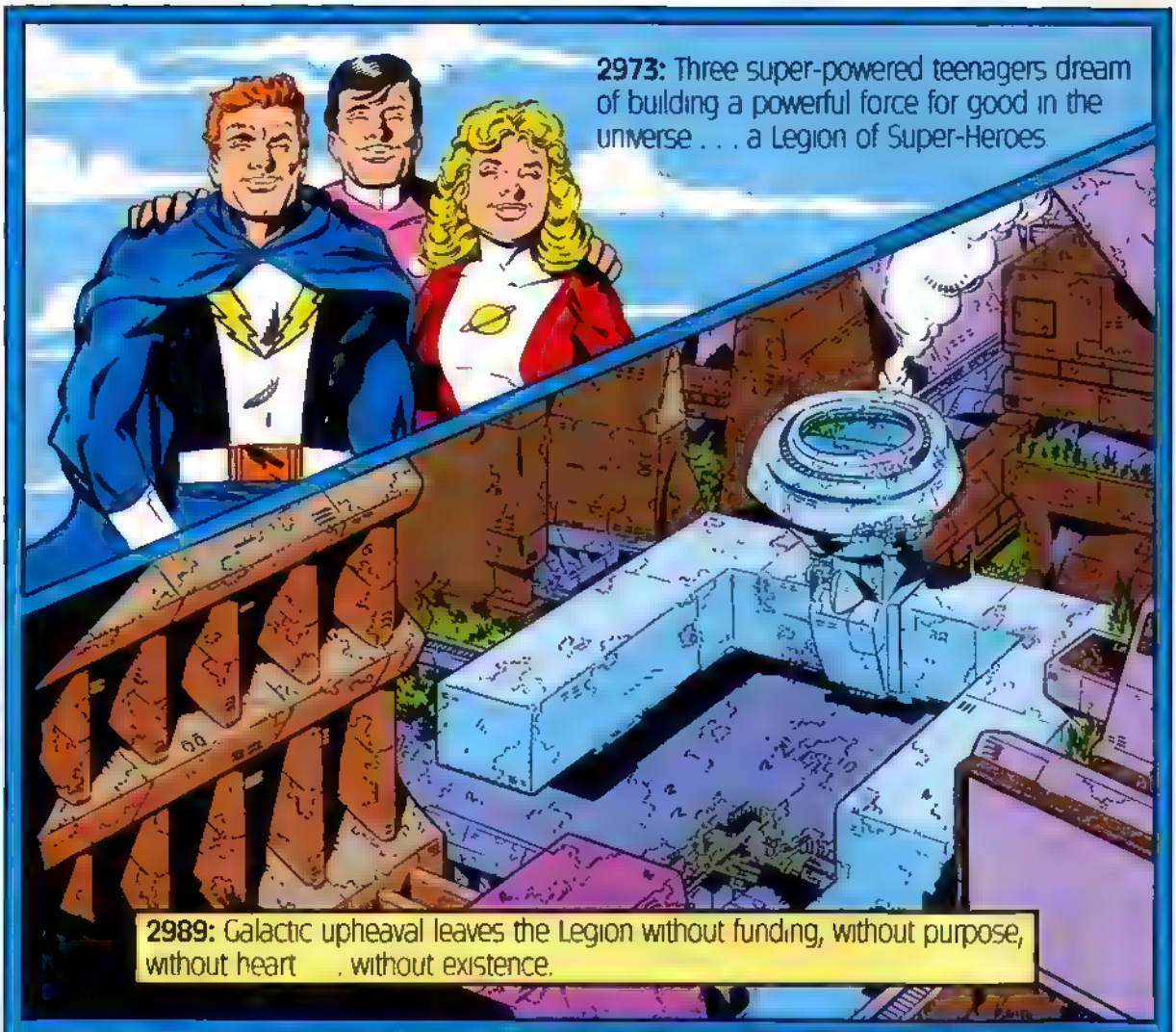
TELL HIM THAT THE DEAL WITH THE COMMUNISTS IS OFF-- IF HE WANTS TO KEEP HIS HEAD ON HIS BODY.
NOW IT'S AUTO TYCOONS. TIME I STARTED TAKING--
DAMN.
PLINK
WHO'S THERE?
I SAY, WHO'S THERE?
CLICK
13

NO!
I FORGIVE YOU, BROTHER.

CRIPES ALMIGHTY. SOMETHING TELLS ME I OUGHT TO CALL THE BOSS.
MARGO LANE CHECKING IN.
WELL HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN?
I HAD NO IDEA! I'VE JUST BEEN THROUGH--I DON'T KNOW WHAT. LOST ALL SENSE OF--
NOW? IN A PHONE BOOTH ON THOMPSON STREET. BUT I FEEL UNEASY. TELL THE CHIEF I'LL AWAIT HIS CALL AT THE BLACK CAT.
NOT A SOUND.


IN LOSING HIS HEAD HE LOSES HIS MASK.
IVAN NIKOLAEV. A PUSTULE OF CORRUPTION IN THE CZAR'S GOVERNMENT, PUT THERE BY THE CZARINA'S "SPIRITUAL ADVISOR" --THE MAD RASPUTIN.
HE RAPED THE TREASURY AFTER RASPUTIN'S ASSASSINATION, FLEEING RUSSIA AS THE REVOLUTION BEGAN. HE SPENT HIS TAINTED MILLIONS ON A SOCIAL POSITION, ON TEACHERS TO MAKE HIM AN AMERICAN...
...AND ON A SECRET ANTI-COMMUNIST LEAGUE.
NO ONE QUESTIONS A MILLIONAIRE IN AMERICA. THUS THE VALUE OF MY OWN ROLE AS LAMONT CRANSTON.
AND NOBODY QUESTIONED HIM?
LIKE ALL THE RASPUTNIKS HE WAS SHREWD IN A SMALL WAY, BUT IN LOVE WITH BRUTALITY AND CLUMSY STRATAGEMS. "NIKOLAEV" TO "NICHOLS." CRUDE.
HA HA HA HA
YOU TALK LIKE YOU KNEW HIM.
ONLY THE NAME. ONE OF MANY I INVESTIGATED WHILE AN AGENT IN MOSCOW DURING THE GREAT WAR.
NOW LET US GO, BEFORE A SERVANT DECIDES TO TAKE A LAST LOOK IN ON THE MASTER.
--MUST BE A POLITICAL ANGLE.
NO. THE GYPSIES ARE THE KEY. MONCRIEF'S FIANCEE, WITH HER "MADAME ZARA." AND NOW NICHOLS CONSPIRING WITH GYPSIES FOR THE MURDER OF A WOMAN.
A WOMAN I THOUGHT DEAD THESE SEVENTEEN YEARS.
ARE YOU SURE YOU RECOGNIZED HER? SEVENTEEN YEARS MAKES SOME BIG CHANGES IN A WOMAN, DEAD OR NOT.
THE YEARS MAY HAVE TREATED HER CRUELLY SINCE I KNEW HER IN RUSSIA. BUT TIME COULD HAVE ETCHED HER SKIN TWICE AS DEEPLY, AND STILL I COULD NOT MISTAKE THAT FACE.


OHO. SO EVEN THE SHADOW WAS YOUNG ONCE. WHAT WAS SHE? A COSSACK CHORINE? A VAMP FROM THE VOLGA?
NO.
SHE WAS THE DAUGHTER OF THE CZAR.
CHIEF-- JUST GOT A MESSAGE FROM BURBANK. MISS LANE NEVER MADE IT TO THE BLACK CAT.
TO GREENWICH VILLAGE, THEN, SHREVVY.
LOOK, BOSS, I'M A LITTLE YOUNG, BUT... I THOUGHT THE CZAR'S WHOLE FAMILY WAS SLAUGHTERED BY THE BOLSHEVIKS.
AS DID I. SEVEN YEARS AGO A WOMAN IN AUSTRIA CLAIMED TO BE A SURVIVING DAUGHTER, BUT SHE WAS A FRAUD. I TRAVELLED THERE MYSELF TO SEE HER FACE...AND I DID NOT KNOW IT.
THE WOMAN I SAW TONIGHT LEFT ME NO DOUBT. ANASTASIA ROMANOVNA HAS RETURNED FROM THE DEAD...ONLY FOR DEATH TO COME SEEKING HER AGAIN.
YOU NEVER TOLD ME ANY OF THIS. RUSSIA, THE CZAR...
I NEVER SHALL.
MY PAST IS MY OWN.
17


2973: Three super-powered teenagers dream of building a powerful force for good in the universe . . . a Legion of Super-Heroes
2989: Galactic upheaval leaves the Legion without funding, without purpose, without heart . without existence.

Five Years Later . . .
Only one man remembers the dream that the Legion once represented . . . but he's willing to start at square one to put it all back together.
Join him.

LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES

The Future Isn't What It Used To Be.

Keith Giffen • Tom and Mary Bierbaum • Al Gordon
An ongoing series in DC's Deluxe Format. Beginning in September

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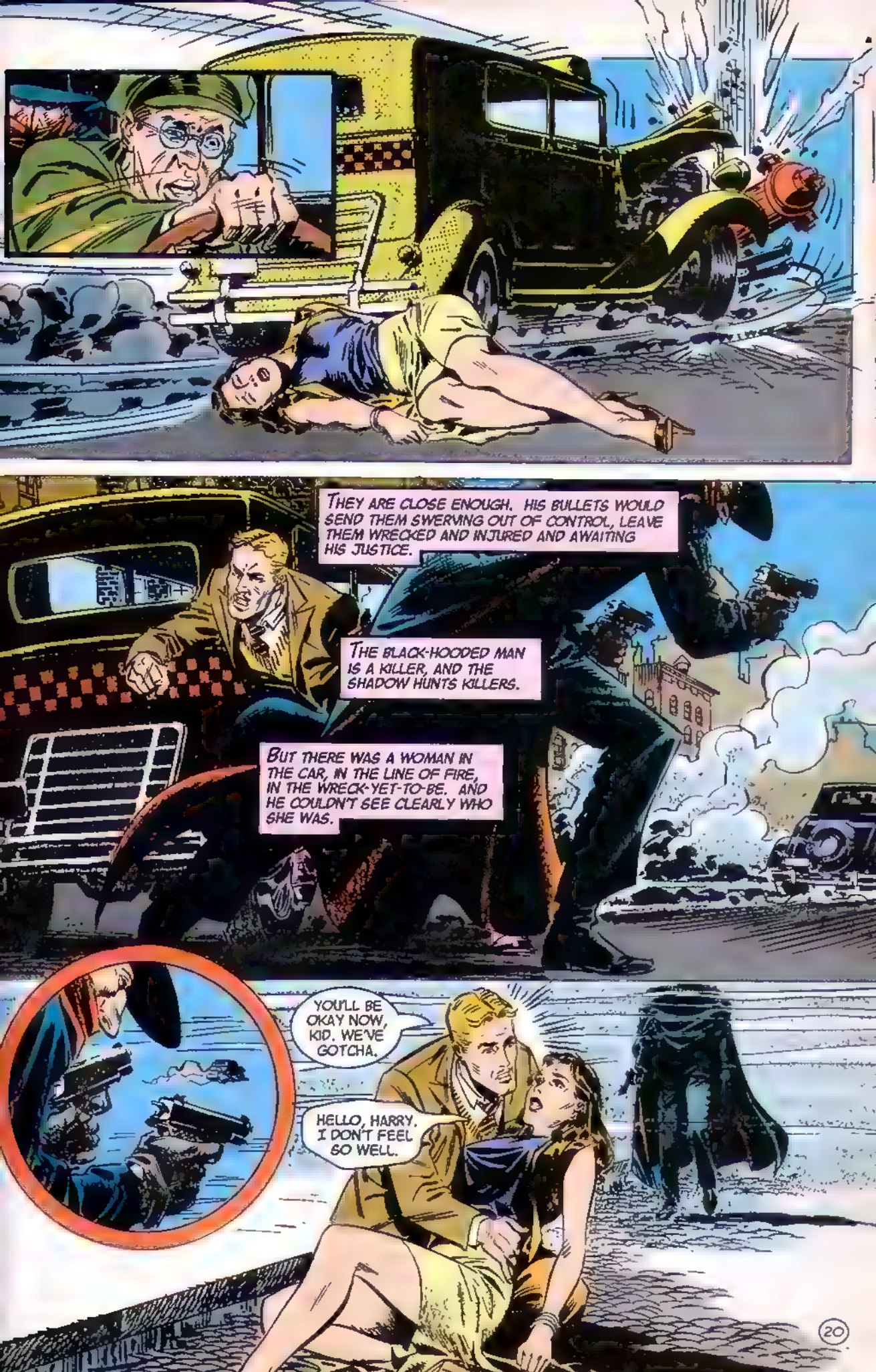
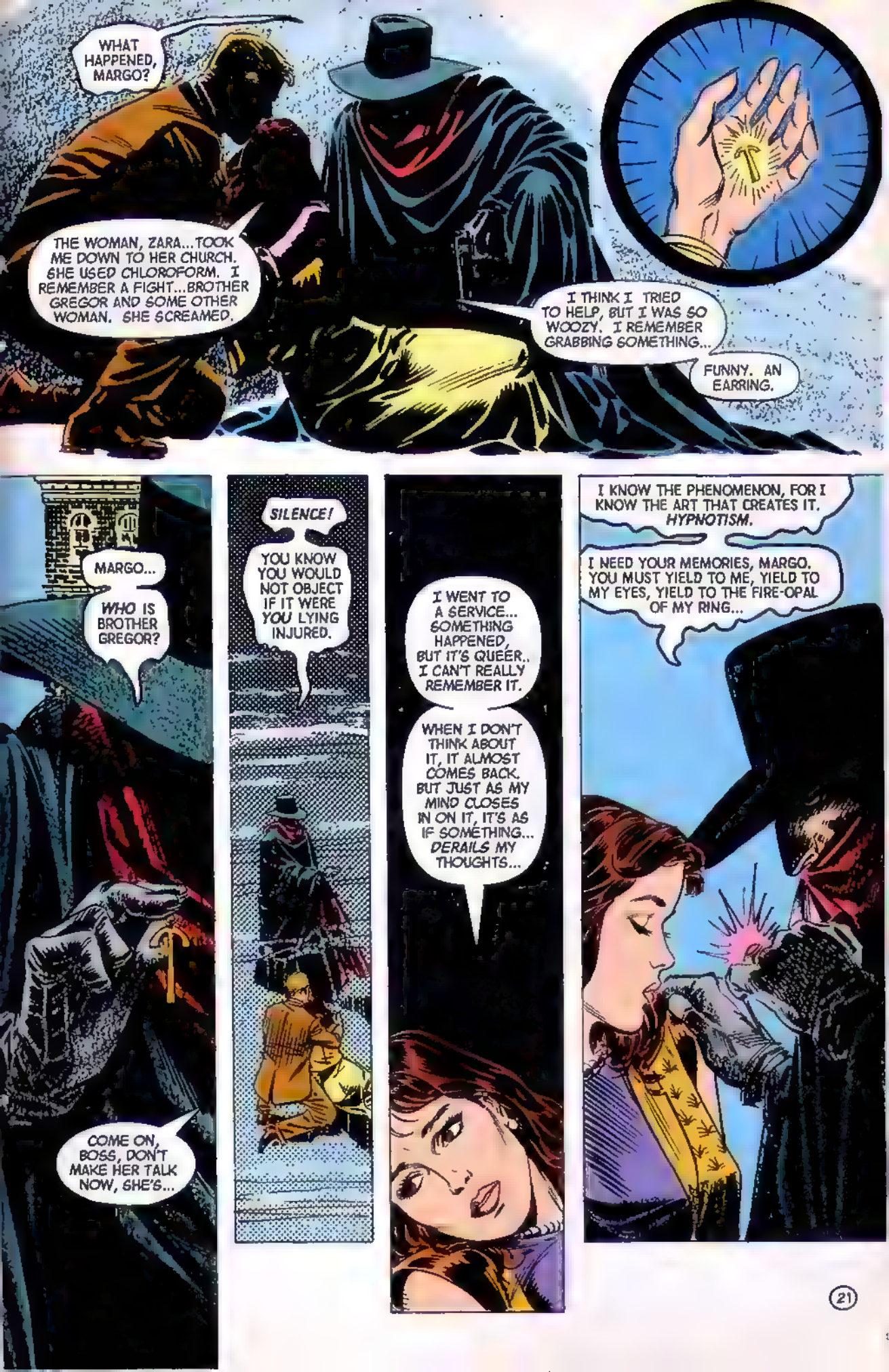
PUSHCARTS AND POETS, TRANSVESTITES AND TOURISTS ALL DRIFT FROM THE STREETS AS THE NIGHT WEARS ON ..
AND THE VILLAGE GROWS ALMOST AS QUIET AS ITS NAME.
ALMOST.
SCREEEEE
LOOK OUT!
THAT WAS MARGO-- AND THE KILLER!
FOLLOW THEM!
PULL EVEN WITH THEM, SHREVVY.

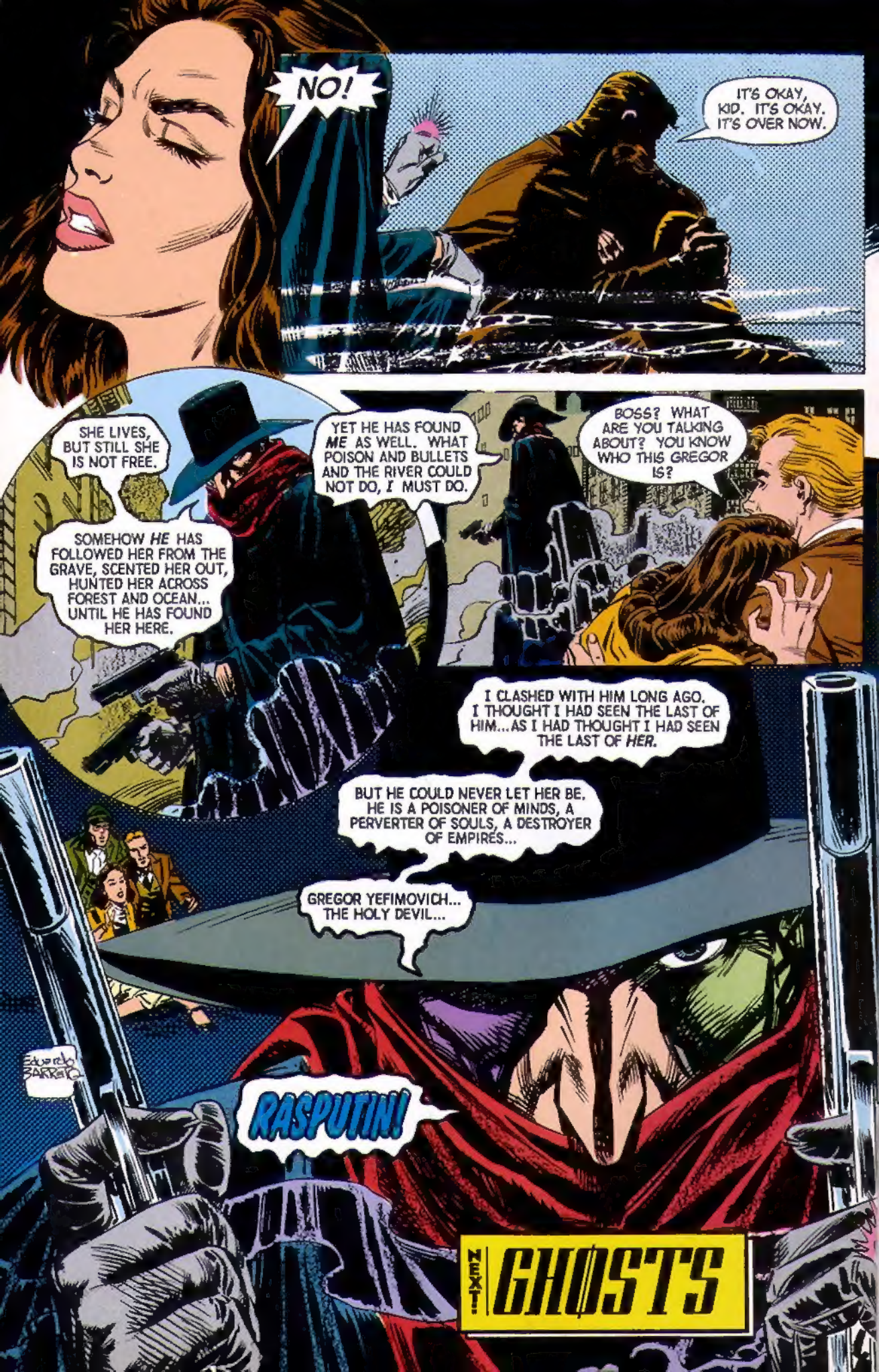
HE KNOWS WE'RE ON HIM NOW, BOSS. HANG ON!
SKLAASH
ALL RIGHT, I GOT YOU NOW, YOU--
HUH?


THEY ARE CLOSE ENOUGH. HIS BULLETS WOULD SEND THEM SWERVING OUT OF CONTROL, LEAVE THEM WRECKED AND INJURED AND AWAITING HIS JUSTICE.
THE BLACK-HOODED MAN IS A KILLER, AND THE SHADOW HUNTS KILLERS.
BUT THERE WAS A WOMAN IN THE CAR, IN THE LINE OF FIRE, IN THE WRECK-YET-TO-BE. AND HE COULDN'T SEE CLEARLY WHO SHE WAS.
YOU'LL BE OKAY NOW, KID. WE'VE GOTCHA.
HELLO, HARRY. I DON'T FEEL SO WELL.


WHAT HAPPENED, MARGO?
THE WOMAN, ZARA...TOOK ME DOWN TO HER CHURCH. SHE USED CHLOROFORM. I REMEMBER A FIGHT...BROTHER GREGOR AND SOME OTHER WOMAN. SHE SCREAMED.
I THINK I TRIED TO HELP, BUT I WAS SO WOOZY. I REMEMBER GRABBING SOMETHING...
FUNNY. AN EARRING.
MARGO...
WHO IS BROTHER GREGOR?
COME ON, BOSS, DON'T MAKE HER TALK NOW, SHE'S...
SILENCE!
YOU KNOW YOU WOULD NOT OBJECT IF IT WERE YOU LYING INJURED.
I WENT TO A SERVICE... SOMETHING HAPPENED, BUT IT'S QUEER.. I CAN'T REALLY REMEMBER IT.
WHEN I DON'T THINK ABOUT IT, IT ALMOST COMES BACK. BUT JUST AS MY MIND CLOSES IN ON IT, IT'S AS IF SOMETHING... DERAILS MY THOUGHTS...
I KNOW THE PHENOMENON, FOR I KNOW THE ART THAT CREATES IT. HYPNOTISM.
I NEED YOUR MEMORIES, MARGO. YOU MUST YIELD TO ME, YIELD TO MY EYES, YIELD TO THE FIRE-OPAL OF MY RING...

"...YIELD TO ME, MARGO... YIELD TO MY VOICE...
"...YIELD TO THE INNER SECRETS OF YOUR MIND...
"WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER?"
"NAUSEA.
"DESIRE.
"FEAR.
"A PUNGENT ONE OF PERSPIRATION, OF BODIES, OF AGITATED BODIES, OF *WOMEN*.
"WANTING TO ESCAPE INTO THE DARKNESS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, BUT THE FEELINGS HOLDING ME. ZARA DRUGGED ME, AND THERE WERE SCENTS IN THE AIR...
"A SWEET SMELL OF POPPIES...
"WOMEN SCREAMING: *SIN, SIN, SIN!* AND GREGOR LEADING THEM, AND ME...
"ME WANTING TO *JOIN* THEM.
"I SAW HIM LIFT LUCILLE CHEVIOT'S HEAD, AND THE HEAD BEGAN TO SPEAK, IT BEGGED HIM FOR FORGIVENESS...
"SHE HAD SPOKEN OF HIM IN PUBLIC, SHE HAD MENTIONED MADAME ZARA'S NAME, THAT WAS HER SIN...
"THEN I SAW IT WASN'T A HEAD...JUST A BLACK GOWN, A TRICK OF THE LIGHTS...

"BECAUSE SHE DROPPED THE ROBE.
"SHE STOOD THERE IN HER...WHITENESS, AND HE IN THE BLACKNESS OF HIS ROBE AND BEARD, HE CAME TO HER.
"AND THEN HE... ON THE FLOOR WITH HER...HE...
"AND THE WOMEN SCREAMING SIN, SIN, SIN, AND BEGGING FOR HIM TO COME TO THEM.
"I MUST HAVE STOOD. I MUST HAVE SCREAMED.
"HE TURNED TO ME... ADVANCED ON ME.
"HE WAS RAVING.
"I AM THE REBORN LIGHT, THE LORD OF DEATH. I AM YOUR DEATH, YOUR LIFE, YOUR SALVATION.'
"'AND I BRING YOU COMMUNION.'
"HE FILLED MY MIND, NOTHING BUT HIM, EYES SQUEEZED FROM SOCKETS LIKE HERNIAS, LUNGS WHISTLING DRY LIKE RUPTURED BELLOWS...
"MY FLESH TOO HOT AND HIS LIKE A DEAD MAN'S.
"AND THEN...
"AND THEN...


NO!
IT'S OKAY, KID. IT'S OKAY. IT'S OVER NOW.
SHE LIVES, BUT STILL SHE IS NOT FREE.
SOMEHOW *HE* HAS FOLLOWED HER FROM THE GRAVE, SCENTED HER OUT, HUNTED HER ACROSS FOREST AND OCEAN... UNTIL HE HAS FOUND HER HERE.
YET HE HAS FOUND *ME* AS WELL. WHAT POISON AND BULLETS AND THE RIVER COULD NOT DO, *I* MUST DO.
BOSS? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU KNOW WHO THIS GREGOR IS?
I CLASHED WITH HIM LONG AGO. I THOUGHT I HAD SEEN THE LAST OF HIM... AS I HAD THOUGHT I HAD SEEN THE LAST OF *HER*.
BUT HE COULD NEVER LET HER BE. HE IS A POISONER OF MINDS, A PERVERTER OF SOULS, A DESTROYER OF EMPIRES...
GREGOR YEFIMOVICH... THE HOLY DEVIL...
Eduardo BARRETO
RASPUTIN!
NEXT! GHOSTS

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The U.S. and the U.S.S.R. have sustained a love-hate relationship for about seventy-two years now. Granted, there's been a lot more hate than love, but our current *glasnost* years aren't the first time that love has been in the ascendant. During the mid-1930s, America and Russia danced a tentative duet that foreshadowed all the steps of our shotgun wedding in World War II and the stormy separation that followed.

Most Americans reacted with horror to the Communist takeover of Russia in 1917. We'd been having our own unrest and radical political movements, and suddenly a Red uprising looked far too likely to many middle-class minds. The result was a Red Scare in 1919 and 1920 that virtually stifled the voices of radical America. The booming economy and promise of universal prosperity in the late 1920s further conspired to keep most Americans indifferent to politics and quietly hostile to the revolution transforming the Soviet Union.

In 1929, the stock market collapse began to clue us in to the fact that that promise of prosperity was indeed just a promise—and it wasn't going to be kept. The seemingly bottomless economic slide of the early '30s shook a lot of people's faith in capitalism and the American system. The radicals who'd kept their voices low for a decade (with the exception of one great but fruitless outcry in 1927) suddenly began to shout their condemnations of capitalism again. And the bright young things of the intellectual circles, who'd spent the '20s flogging Babbittry in the heartland, began to realize that there were far worse problems in America than bad taste and prudery.

In this new passion for relief and reform, many bright and concerned Americans looked to Russia for inspiration. Under the iron leadership of Josef Stalin, the Communists there were performing seeming miracles. With a pair of successive Five Year Plans beginning in 1928, they turned a starving agricultural nation into a nascent industrial power. They sought help from American industry, attracting an odd combination of left-leaning labor agitators like Walter Reuther and indiscriminate capitalists like Henry Ford (who would later be bitter enemies in the battle to unionize the American auto industry). As early as 1929, an auto plant in Gorky was uniting Stalinist planning, radical idealism, and Ford carburetors.

Our government, still under the Republican regime of the pre-Crash days, remained hostile to the Russians; but the inauguration of Franklin Roosevelt in 1933 brought a new mood to the State Department. Many of Roosevelt's young staffers were intellectual, left-oriented Ivy Leaguers, eager to recognize the Soviet government (which we did in late '33), increase Russian-American contacts, and in some cases shuttle state secrets merrily to the Soviet embassy (such activities were, alas, not simply the paranoid fantasies of Red-baiters in the '40s).

This was all very frightening to many conservative Americans, especially the Roosevelt-hating millionaires of the Liberty League. But the momentum was against them ... for a while. Worried by the spread of fascism, particularly by Hitler's rise in Germany, Stalin decided that Communism could not afford to be too ideologically exclusive, and must support more moderate reformist movements around the world. In late 1934 the Comintern announced a "Popular Front" that, while never endorsing FDR's New Deal, conceded that it might be a step in the right direction.

There were already dark clouds on the horizon by 1935. The year before, a Soviet official named Sergei Kirov had been assassinated, and although Stalin displayed great grief and anger, he was almost certainly the mastermind. In 1936, Stalin would use the trials of Kirov's supposed killers to purge the party of his rivals and consolidate his power, the first of a series of events that would eventually reveal "Uncle Joe" as a genocidal megalomaniac.

But at the mid-point of that difficult decade, the U.S. and U.S.S.R. were enjoying a sunny courtship that many hoped would be the beginning of a marriage that might redeem the world. It's in the excitement and tension of that flirtation—duly exaggerated for the needs of pulp adventure—that this story is set.

—Gerard Jones

NEXT ISSUE: Gerry and Ed take us further into the mystery behind the grisly murders as the Shadow and his agents track the Mad Monk across Manhattan. Be here for a tale of mystery and mysticism, gypsies, and girasols in a story entitled "Ghosts."